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Metrical Translations

from

the German.



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*Für freundliche Erinnerung an den Hof
der Hofkapelle*

Nathin Haller

Metrical Translations 2/4.03.

from

the German

of

GOETHE, SCHILLER, UHLAND, HEINE

and others

by a German lady.

HAMBURG, 1852.

Agentur des Rauben Hauses.

LONDON.

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14 Henrietta Street, Covent-Garden.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD



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Errata.

- Pag. 14, 5th line, for: plays' neath read: plays 'neath.
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| " | 35, | 2 ^d | " | " | Him | " | He. |
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| " | 68, | 6 th | " | " | the | " | thee. |
| " | 70, | 9 th | " | " | Ether's | " | Aether's. |
| " | 93, | 8 th | " | " | Our's | " | Ours. |
| " | 96, | 1 st | " | " | tree | " | three. |
| " | 98, | 10 th | " | " | clouds | " | clouds'. |
- " 14, 10th, Pag. 15, 1st, Pag. 16, 9th, Pag. 29, 2^d line,
and at a great many other places, for: it's, always
read: its.
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Introduction.

As I was wandering on the yellow sand,
A voice uprose and spoke on that lone shore;
Unlist'ning on my way I might not wend,
But caught the words mingling with Ocean's roar;
The murm'ring voice then rose into command:
I knew the tone which I had heard of yore;
'Twas wont with high aspirings to invite,
And aye was heard, though fruitless, with delight.

And now it spoke again and said: „Arise!
„Look to that side, across the heaving Main —
„What dost thou see?“ There rose before mine eyes
Beyond the sea, a broad and fertile plain;
Cliffs gird its sides, and wooded mountains rise,
And waving seas the prospect close again;
I knew the land I but in dreams had seen:
'Tis Albion's blessed isle, the Ocean Queen!

Then said the spirit voice: „Thy longing gaze
„Was often bent on yonder glorious isle
„Which never thou couldst reach; to thread the maze
„Of her rich varied language, would beguile
„Thy leisure hours, and oft through Ocean's haze,
„On thee her poets' beaming glories smile.
„Still that admiring glow ne'er yet found words:
„Strike now aloud the lyre's respondent chords!

„And from the flowers which thy country brings,
„Where heavenly dews have dropp'd on fertile ground
„Choose fairest blossoms, which in rival springs
„Throughout the blooming wilderness are found;
„If these thy care in one bright garland strings,
„Choosing with anxious toil from all around;
„If delicately touching them, thy hand
„Harms not the fairy creatures thou wouldst blend,

„Then fearlessly commit them to the flood,
„Whose flowing waters Britain's outskirts lave,
„For I will tutore all the sea-winds rude
„With lulling breath to soothe the stormy wave,
„And the frail garland twined in solitude,
„If worthy, I will guide, protect and save!“
Then ceased that voice — and mine I tried to lift:
Behold the garland I have turned adrift!



I.

GOETHE.

1. The Dedication of „Faust.“

„Ihr naht euch wieder, schwankende Gestalten.“

Will you approach, ye forms indefinite,
Again, and such as past my troubled eye,
In my life's morning once ye used to flit;
This time to hold you fast, shall I not try?
Is my heart still inclined to that deceit?
Reign as you list, if you will still draw nigh,
Ye mist-born tribe, my bosom thrills again
With youth, while breathing Magic in your train.

With you the image of the joyful Past
And many well-beloved shades will rise
Like tales tradition darkly has amassed,
First love, first friendship comes before my eyes
With pang renewed my plaint calls from the Past,
The mazy labyrinth where life's course lies
Calls on those friends by grudging fortune torn
From fairest hours, who left me here forlorn.

The souls who once my early songs enjoyed
They are not listening to my later lay,
The friendly crowd is scattered or destroyed
And the first echo, lo! has died away.
The praise of strangers of delight is void,
Yet none but such applaud my sorrowing say;
They who with partial fondness used to hear
If still alive, are scatter'd far or near.

And now I feel a yearning all unused
For that far realm of spirits sad and high,
Into my song a vagueness is infused;
Like the Aeolian harp-strings' whispering sigh
A trembling o'er me comes, my tears are loosed
To softness melts the heart's severity,
What I possess before my soul's eye flies.
And what is gone grows to realities.

2. *Margaret's Song in „Faust.“*

„Meine Ruh ist hin.“

**My heart is oppress'd,
My peace is gone,
I seek for rest
And can find none.**

**The grave's gloom comes o'er me
Where he is not;
The wide world before me
I heed it not.**

**Alas! my poor head,
'Tis all astray;
Alas! my poor sense,
It wanders away;**

My heart is oppress'd,
My peace is gone,
I seek for rest
And can find none.

I watch at the window
To see him appear,
I run from my chamber
To meet him when near.

His lofty step
And his noble mien,
The might of his eye
And his smile's bright sheen;

And of his speech
The magic flow,
His hand's soft pressure
His kisses' glow!

My heart is oppress'd,
My peace is gone,
I seek for rest
And can find none.

My lone breast aches
And longs for him,
My poor heart breaks
To be with him,

Strained to his bosom
To kiss my fill,
Panting and dying
To lie there still!

3. Prometheus.

„Bedecke deinen Himmel, Zeus.“

Now cover up thy skies, oh Jove! with clouds,
And like the boy, cutting the thistles' heads,
Do try thy strength on oaks and mountain tops!
Mine earth thou must let stand,
The hut thou didst not build, the hearth whose flame
Thou enviest me.
Nought poorer know I whereon shines the sun
Than you, ye Gods, feeding so scantily
Your majesty with fumes of sacrifice
And breath of prayers; reduced to fast and starve
If children and if beggars were not still
Hope-hunting fools.
When I was yet a child —
Yet half unconscious of the things that are,
Mine eye astray I bent,
Upon the sun, as if beyond him were
An ear to hear my plaint, a heart like mine
Full of soft pity for the sufferer's pain.

Who assisted me
Against the Titan's overbearing pride?
From Death, from Slavery, who has rescued me?
Didst thou not all accomplish it thyself
My holy glowing heart?
So young, so trustful
And so imposed upon, — thy thanks for safety
Went glowing upwards
To bless the Sleeper there!
And Thee, I'd honour?
Why should I do so? Wherefore? Didst thou ever
Allay the pains of the Distressed? Didst ever
Yet dry the tears of the Troubled?
Did not allmighty Time forge out of me
The Man, and Fate eternal —
E'en these, my lords and thine.
Deemest thou, may-be,
I should hate life and into deserts fly,
Because not all my blooming dreams would ripen?
Here I sit, forming men after my image,
A grace to be like me, to endure, to weep,
But likewise to enjoy and to rejoice,
And not to heed Thee,
Like me!

4. Mignon.

„Kennst du das Land.“

**Know ye the land where lemon flowers blow,
Thro' the dark foliage steals the orange's glow,
Where a soft wind plays 'neath the clear blue sky,
Where stands the myrtle and the laurel high?
Know ye that land?**

**Thither would I
Full fain with thee, oh my protector fly!**

**Know ye the house? Pillars surround its side,
The glitt'ring hall, the rooms of courtly pride!
And marble statues stand and look at me,
And ask: poor child, what has been done to thee?
Know ye that house?**

**Thither would I
Full fain with thee my best-beloved fly!**

Know ye the mountain and its path of clouds?
The mule is led astray by misty shrouds,
The dark cave holds the dragon's ancient brood,
The rock is rent, and o'er it pours the flood;
Know ye that mount?

Thither would I
There lies our way — Oh father let us fly!



5. *Mignon's last song.*

„So lasst mich scheinen bis ich werde.“

Thus let me seem till in the end I'll be;
Oh do not take this snow-white robe from me!
From this fair earth full quickly I descend,
To yonder narrow house my steps I wend.

There for a while reposing I shall stay,
Once more, refreshed, I then behold the day,
Then this white robe and its encircling zone,
Then too this flow'ry garland will be gone.

And those celestial forms so passing fair,
For man or woman do not ask or care,
And earthly robes no more will then enfold
The all trans lucent body, as of Old.

Nor care nor trouble did I know thro' life,
But yet my days with deepest pain were rife;
Thro' sorrow I grew old before my time,
Come back for ever now, my youthful Prime.

...

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6. The Harper's song in „*Wilhelm Meister*.“

„Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass.“

Who never eats his bread with tears,
Who ne'er while night and sorrow lowers,
With tearful eye to sleep forbears:
He knows you not, ye heav'nly powers!

Life's madd'ning round ye lead us to,
Leave us, by Guilt to be estranged,
Then you remit your charge to woe —
All guilt is upon earth avenged.

7. Clara's song in „Egmont.“

„Freudvoll und leidvoll.“

Joyful
And woeful,
And thoughtful again;
Hoping
And longing
And waiting in pain;
Loudly rejoicing —
Now all woe-begone — —
Happy the spirit that loves is alone!

8. Song of the Fates in „Iphigenia.“

„Es fürchte die Götter das Menschengeschlecht.“

Fear the Gods, ye race of man!
Their through all eternity,
Is the proud ascendancy,
Is the dreaded might they use
As they choose!

Fear those solemn rulers then!
Fear them deeply, doubly, when
Raised by them who are on high,
To where, tow'ring in the sky,
On the cloud of thunder dread,
Seats and tables bright are spread.

When a quarrel rises there,
Then precipitated are
The frail guests, by ruthless might,
To the far abyss of night;
Shorn of fame and hope and light,
Vainly there to wait for right.

But They? They remain on high
Feasting to eternity
At the bright ambrosian fount.
From the mountain to the mount
There they stride with giant step,
While below, from the dread gap,
Steaming upwards comes the breath
Of the Titans suffering Death;
A light wreath of smoke seems this,
Curling fumes of sacrifice.

And the rulers turn the sight
Of their eye that giveth light,
Sullenly from all a race,
Fearing to see in their face,
Mutely speaking evermore,
Features which they loved of yore.

Thus the fatal sisters sang,
And their fearful numbers rang
In the exiled Titan's ear;
He, the Ancient, grieves to hear,
On the issue of his bed
Thinks, and slowly shakes his head.

9. To the Moon.

„Füllest wieder Busch und Thal.“

Now again thro' wood and vale
Gleam thy rays so bright,
Will at length that radiance pale
Pierce my bosom's night?

O'er my fields thy beauteous shine
Softly dwelling strays,
As a friend's mild eye would pine
O'er my darken'd days.

Now my heart feels once again
Gladness and distress,
Wand'ring through past joy and pain
In its loneliness.

Flow, dear river, onwards flow,
Nevermore I'll smile;
Mirth and love like thee would go —
Faith but proved a guile.

Yet I once possess'd it all,
All that's worth regret:
'Tis my torture to recall,
Yet I can't forget!

Gentle river flow along!
Restless rushing on,
Murmur burdens to my song,
A melodious moan.

Whether in a wintry night
Foaming o'er thy banks,
Or in spring round blossoms bright,
Playing youthful pranks.

Blest is he who without hate
Turns from worldly joys,
Clasps the friend vouchsafed by Fate
And with him enjoys,

What unknown to human kind
Or unthought — of quite,
Through the labyrinth of Mind,
Wanders in the Night.

10. *The Rescue.*

„Mein Mädchen ward mir ungetreu.“

My love, alas! proved false to me,
And of all joys I grew a hater;
I went to find some running water:
The water past me ran in glee.

I stood all mute and desolate,
My head ached strange as if from drinking
Into the river I was sinking,
For all turned round at a mad rate.

Then all at once a voice did sound,
My head was turned from where it sounded,
But to the voice my heart rebounded, —
„Take care! the river is profound!“

A pleasant thrill shot through my blood,
And looking round I see a lassie.
I ask her name, she answers „Bessie.“
„Oh fairest Bessie, thou art good!“

Thou holdst me back from deadly night,
My life to thee I'm gladly owing;
Yet this is not enough bestowing,
Be now, oh be my life's delight!

And then I told her all my woes;
While on the ground she bent her eye;
I kissed her — and she did not fly,
And death at present seems not close.

11. *The shepherd's complaint.*

„Da droben auf jenem Berge.“

On the top of the hill I am standing
A thousand times I trow,
On my shepherd's staff reclining,
I look at the valley below.

I follow the flock as they 're grazing
My dog is watching them all;
From the hill-top I thus have descended,
Yet know not I did so, at all.

With beautiful flowers the meadow
Is brightly sprinkled o'er:
I cull them full listlessly, — knowing
To whom I may give them no more!

The rain and the hail-storm and lightning
Pass by me while under that tree.
Your door will not open for shelter —
It is all like a day-dream to me.

A rain-bow brightly is arching
Where the firm old towers stand,
But the lady fair she is absent,
Is gone away from the land.

Away from the land and farther,
Perhaps e'en over the sea.
Pass onward, my flock, pass swiftly! —
The heart's well nigh bursting in me.

12. The Minstrel.

„Was hör' ich draussen vor dem Thor.“

What's sounding high without the gate,
Upon the bridge so loudly?
Methinks that melody elate
I'the Hall would sound more proudly.
The king had spoke, the page had hied,
The boy he came, the king he cried:
Let the old minstrel enter!

Saluted be ye, near and far,
Ye nobles and ye dames fair!
What panoply! star upon star!
Oh! Who could know all names there!
Within the hall of pomp sublime
Be shut my eyes! Here is not time
To feast upon such brightness.

The minstrel then his eyes did close,
His harp sent forth its clear tones.
The knights looked round, their courage rose,
Down looked the gentle Fair ones.
The king, pleas'd by the Minstrel's lay,
Presented him for song and play,
With a golden chain of honour.

The golden chain give not to me;
To them it should be given,
Who battle with the enemy
And see them backward driven;
Or to the chancellor of thy reign,
And may he bear the golden chain
With the other loads he beareth!

I sing as sings the merry bird
Among the branches living,
The melody so gladly heard
Its own reward is giving.
Yet if I am to beg for aught,
Of thy best wine a draught be brought
In a gold cup to refresh me!

He rais'd the cup, he drank and said:
Oh draught of choicest flavour!
Oh house thrice-blest, where this is made
To seem the slightest favour!
When Good betides you, think of me,
And thank the Lord as fervently
As for this draught I thank you.

13. To a Golden Heart worn about his neck.

„Angedenken du verkling'ner Freude.“

Thou remembrance of enjoyments flown,
Still worn near my heart,
Still uniting those whose souls would part
Wouldst thou lengthen Love's short days, now gone?
Lilly, can I fly thee? To thy chain
Bound, thro' 'foreign land
Thro' far vales and woods my way I wend;
Lilly's heart not soon from mine again
Could be disengaged;
Like the bird once caged,
But who snaps the chain and spreads his wing,
Trailing after him a piece of string,
A vestige of captivity, —
No more the old free bird, — there lies the sting:
He has before belonged to somebody.

14. The Fisherman.

„Das Wasser rauscht', das Wasser schwoll.“

The waters rush'd, the waters rose,
A fisherman sat by,
Look'd at his hook in cool repose,
Sooth'd by their lullaby.
And as he listens, as he sits,
The parted waves retreat.
A fair, a female shape, now flits
All dripping at his feet.

She sang to him and singing spoke:
„Why wilt thou lure my brood
With Man's fell cunning to thy yoke
Where sucks the sun their blood?

Couldst thou but see how all my fry
Are gamboling below,
E'en as thou art, thou 'ldst come and try
And thus full gladness know."

„Is not the dear sun gliding down,
The moon, into the sea?
And bathed by dews their face is shown
In double majesty.
Does not the deep sky tempt thee here,
The azure twice as blue?
Not thine own face reflected clear
In everlasting dew?"

„The waters rushed, the waters rose
Bathing his naked feet.
His heart with a strange longing glows,
As if his love to meet.
She spoke to him, to him she sung —
And thus he was undone;
Half sinking and half drawn along
For evermore he's gone.

15. Answers

to the questions put during a round game.

The lady.

Fain would ye know wherefrom a female mind,
In high or lower ranks reaps most delight?
Whate'er is new will always favour find,
While yet its bloom continues fresh and bright;
But faith unshaken is of dearer kind,
For to fidelity alone 'tis given
With flow'rs autumnal seasons to enliven.

3

The young Beau.

Young Paris in the woods and by the fount
Was to the nymphs a dear and wellknown guest,
Till Jove would send to the Idalian mount,
To torture him, three visions of the Blest;
He was to choose, their beauties was to count,
I dare say none to whom a choice was lent,
At any time felt more embarrassment.

The Man of Experience.

The surest way to win a woman's love
Methinks would be a tender delicate care; —
He, whose temerity they must reprove,
Perhaps is even dearer to the Fair; —
But he who never shows a wish to move,
Nor tries to tempt, nor seems to care for aught,
He who offends, will be adored and sought.

The contented Man.

Most manifold are the desires of men
Their irritation and disquietude
Yet too, of many a joy partake they can,
Of many an hour with dearest charm embued;
But the best blessing of this life's short span,
The richest gain throughout must be a mind
Not prone to care and sorrow, yet most kind.

The Fool.

~~Him~~^e who at all Human Folly
Daily looks and daily rails;
While they play the fools so jolly,
Him the world as Tom Fool hails;
Never beast of burden carried
To the Mill a load so great, —
And within my breast is buried
Knowledge of this lot and hate!

16. *The Hunter's Evening song.*

„Im Felde schleich' ich still und wild.“

Accross the fields so still and wild
I stray with loaded gun;
Before me still thine image mild
Thine image bright moves on.

E'en now, perchance, all mild and still,
Thou stray 'st by lake and wood;
But oh! my fleeting image will
It rise upon the flood?

His semblance who the world all thro'
Errs, e'er to fret and grieve,
Now eastward, westward now will go,
Since thee he still must leave.

I feel when I but think of thee,
As if the moon did rise:
Strange, blissful peace o'ershadows me,
A tear stands in my eyes.

17. *The king of Thule.*

„Es war ein König in Thule.“

In Thule once reign'd a king, 'tis said,
Most faithful e'en unto the grave,
To whom his love on her death-bed
A golden cup yet gave.

That cup to him most dear was,
No feast he knew without;
And in his eyes a tear was
Whene'er he drank there-out.

And when his death was close at hand,
He counted his cities all,
Left to his heir both crown and land,
But not the cup withal.

Then at a royal feast he sate
His knights around in glee,
In the high hall of ancient date,
In the castle by the sea.

There with Life's dearest, latest glow
From that cup his heart embued,
The holy cup he then did throw
Into the briny flood.

He saw it fall, and drinking
Sink deep into the sea;
His eyes grew fixed and sinking
Ne' er drop again drank he.

18. *The Violet.*

„Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand.“

A violet in a meadow stood
Espied by none, within its hood
Of green, the dear heart's cover, —
When lo! a youthful shepherdess
Her tread most light, her heart not less,
Came, singing 'bout her lover.

Oh, thought the violet, would I were
Some tall bright flower, passing fair,
Oh but for one short minute!
Till gather'd by this sweetest maid,
And drooping on her bosom laid,
And dying, dying on it.

But lo! the sportive maiden came,
Nor mark'd the violet, — shame, oh shame!
Trod down that gentle blossom.
It sank and dying still sung sweet:
'Tis joy to die yet at her feet,
If not upon her bosom.

19. *The rosebud on the heather.*

„Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehn.“

**Once a boy a rosebud saw,
Rosebud on the heather;
Near, to look at it would draw,
More and more of beauties saw,
Liked it altogether.
Rosebud, rosebud blooming red,
Rosebud on the heather.**

Said the boy: I'll cull thee, dear,
Rosebud on the heather.
Said the Rose: my thorns must fear,
Else I'll sting thee, come not near,
Me thou shalt not gather.
Rosebud, rosebud blooming red,
Rosebud on the heather.

But the wilful boy would have
Rosebud on the heather,
Quarter not in mercy gave,
Rosebud's plaints he knew to brave
And her thorns together;
Rosebud, rosebud blooming red,
Rosebud on the heather.

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20. *The Wanderer's Night-Song.*

„Der du von dem Himmel bist.“

Thou who art the son of Heaven,
Ev'ry pain and sorrow stilling,
Those by double Misery driven,
Doubly with thy blessings filling; —
Oh I'm weary of this striving,
Joy and woe have killed my rest:
Sweet, dear Peace, wilt thou be giving
Balm to this distracted breast!



21. Another ditto.

„Ueber allen Gipfeln.“

O’er the tops of the mountains
Tranquillity;
On the trees and the fountains
Not a breath canst thou see;
The little birds even
I’ the wood are at rest, —
Wait yet awhile,
Then reposes thy breast.

22. Ode of Sorrow.

„Trocknet nicht, trocken nicht.“

Tears of eternal love you shall not dry!
E'en to the half-dried eye
How desolate, how dead the world appears! —
No, no, blest tears
Of hapless love, you never are to dry!

23. Sweet Cares.

„Weichet ihr Sorgen von mir!“

Now fly, ye Cares, from me! But mortal Man
Is in the grasp of Care, while Life endures;
If care must be, then come, fond cares of Love,
Thrust forth your brethren, take and keep my heart!

24. Spirit's greeting.

„Hoch auf dem alten Thurme steht“

High on the turret bleak and gray
A knightly spirit stands,
To speed the vessel on its way
A solemn greeting sends:

„These muscles once were firm as stone,
„This heart was wild and strong,
„A knightly marrow filled the bone —
„My feasts were loud and long.

„Half of my life I spent in war,
„Half of it dreamt away, —
„And thou, frail bark I spy afar,
„Heav'n speed thee on thy way!“

25. *Comfort in tears.*

„Wie kommt's, dass du so traurig bist.“

„**W**hen all around are light and gay,
How comes it thou art sad?
Thine eyes too plainly tell the tale,
They are with weeping red.“

And if I wept in loneliness,
I wept for my own woe;
And tears take from mine aching breast
The load that galls me so.

„Thy joyous friends invite thee, come
With them to share thy grief,
And whatsoever thou hast lost
Confide — and find relief!“

My woes you cannot understand,
All merged in boisterous mirth.
I have not lost it, though indeed
'Tis all I want on earth.

„Then rouse thee up, thy strength to prove,
Rouse thy young heart within,
That heart is true, that arm is strong,
There's nought thou may'st not win!“

I cannot win it — no, ah no!
'Tis fair as it is far;
It sends a distant ray to me,
Like yonder beauteous star.

„No mortal covets their pure ray,
Nor wins their heav'nly light;
But we look up with rapture high
For many a lovely night.“

And so do I with rapture high
For many a lovely day;
But let me weep the nights throughout
As long as weep I may.



II.

SCHILLER.

26. Resignation.

„Auch ich war in Arcadien geboren.“

I too was born in the Arcadian field,
And to my cradle also Nature owed
The debt of bliss to Mortals here allowed;
I too was born in the Arcadian field,
Yet nought but tears my fleeting spring would yield.

Life's spring will bloom but once and then it ends;
The bloom of mine is gone.
The silent God — Oh weep for me my friends!
The silent God my torch now downwards bends,
The well-known form has flown.

Already on thy darkling bridge I tread,
Fearful eternity!
To happiness a title once I had;
Take back its seal unbroken! Nought did shed
A drop of bliss on me.

Now my complaint I lift before thy throne,
Thou dread judge, hid in night!
On yonder star a gladsome tale was known,
That here the reign of Justice were alone,
That Retributor thou wert hight.

They tell, here punishments the wicked wait,
And joys the pure in heart;
Thou wilt unravel all the web of fate,
Thou wilt unveil each bosom's secret state,
And deal to each his part.

They tell that here a home the exiles find,
The sufferers painful progress here will end.
A god-like creature, more severe than kind,
Shunned by the crowd, known to some mighty mind, —
They called her Truth — my course stopped with her hand.

„Give up thy youth and youthful joys to me,
And in a future life I will repay!
Nought save this promise can I offer thee!“
I took the promise of Eternity,
I gave to her my youth so fresh and gay.

„The woman give, to whom thy heart is bound,
Thy Laura give to me!
Beyond the grave a rich reward is found!“
I tore her bleeding from my bosom's wound,
And as I gave her, wept unceasingly.

„In heaven may'st thou claim this weighty bond,
The world deriding said;
„That liar slave, by artful despots own'd,
For present joys has offer'd shades beyond
This life; the bond is due when thou art dead.“

Thus spoke the scoffing crowd with aspick's tongues:
„Before traditions wilt thou tremble then,
Hallow'd by age alone? Thy poor heart longs
For saving Gods to heal all earthly wrongs,
And human wit but serves the wants of Man.

Futurity, hid in sepulchral Night,
Eternity, which thy vain breast demands,
Only revered because not brought to light,
They are the Giant shadows of our fright,
Which Conscience's mirror magnifies and blends.

A lying image of a living frame,
The dried-up mummy of mortality,
Which balmy hope for ever in the same
Sepulchral vault has kept, this wilt thou name,
In feverish frenzy, Immortality?

For empty hopes — corruption makes them fears —
Thou foolishly thy present bliss hast given?
Death has been silent now six-thousand years;
No corpse as yet came back and witness bears
That Retribution waits in heaven!“

I saw how Time to thy far shores was flying;
The blooming life, once mine,
Behind him like a blighted corpse was lying;
No witness came, and yet with faith undying
I firmly trusted in the word divine.

To thee I sacrificed my living joys,
And from thy Justice will not be debarr'd.
All goods but thine I spurned like worthless toys,
Mine was the trust no scoffing tongue destroys,
Now Retributor! give me my reward!

„To all my children equal love I bear!“
A spirit hid from sight
Now cried aloud, — „Ye sons of Mortals, hear!
Two flowers for the sage are blooming near:
Hope and Enjoyment they are hight!

He who culled one of them, no more can he
The sister-flower too demand;
Hope and Enjoyment can not, must not blend;
Resign who can believe, is the divine decree,
And the worlds Judgment-Day is in its History.

And thou hast hoped; by Hope thou hast been paid;
Believing was the blessing of thy lot.
Thou might'st have heard what all thy sages said:
The proffer by the moment made,
Eternity repeats it not."

27. Cassandra.

„Freude war in Troja's Hallen.“

In the hall of regal Troy,
Ere her lofty tower was won,
Loudly sounded hymns of joy
To the lute's respondent tone.
Weary warriors are reposing
From the strife, so fierce of late,
Since Achilles has been chosing
Priam's daughter for his mate.

Laurel garlands round their brows,
To the God's protecting shrine
They proceed in festive rows
And in sacrifice combine.
While their shouts the echoes waken,
In the streets the crowd are press'd,
Left to sadness and forsaken
Is but one afflicted breast.

From the joy she could not prove,
Unaccompanied and sad,
To Apollo's laurel grove
Silently Cassandra fled.
Till the shade fell dark upon her
Onwards still the Seer pass'd,
And her badge of priestly honour
On the ground in anger cast.

Ev'ry heart to joy gives scope,
Ev'ry soul is swell'd with pride,
And our aged parents hope,
And my sister looks the bride;
I alone, in sadness wringing
These weak hands, their fall deplore,
For I see swift Ruin winging
Her dark flight to this doom'd shore.

And a lighted torch I spy,
But not Hymen's torch it is;
To the clouds dark volleys fly,
But not fumes of sacrifice.

Gladsome feasts I see surrounding,
But my prescient spirit hears
A God's fatal footstep sounding,
Who will merge them all in tears.

They deride my bitter woe,
And they chide my sad complaints,
To the wilderness I go,
When my hearts with torture faints.
All the happy creatures shun me,
All the gay are mocking me —
What a doom is wreaked upon me,
Delphic God, by thy decree!

Why with this prophetic mind
Cruel God! have I been thrown
On the City of the Blind,
Thine oracle to make known?
Oh why must I still be seeing,
Though I never must be heard?
What's decreed must spring to being,
And approach must what is feared.

When a fatal doom is near,
Would you from impending woe
Draw the hiding veil? To err
Is to live! 'Tis Death to know.
Take, oh take away the sadd'ning
Clearness which can never soothe:
For the mortal it is madd'ning
To be the vessel of thy truth.

Give my blindness back to me,
And the heart in darkness gay;
Since I came thy voice to be,
To my lips rose no blythe lay.
Aye, the Future was thy dower,
Present bliss I know no more;
Take it back the treach'rous power,
Momentary joys restore!

Never was my flowing hair
Wreathed with myrtle garlands round,
Since thine altar was my care,
To thy shrine the votaress bound.
All my youth was pass'd in weeping,
And the woes of those I loved
Sympathetic pains were heaping
On this heart too deeply moved.

Thus among my play-mates gay,
Who in gladness love and live
Like the sportive birds of May,
Ever lonely I must grieve.
E'en the spring, in radiance dressing
The green earth, uncharmed I see.
Who could feel Existence's blessing,
Fathoming its depth like me?

Polixena's fate, how bright,
By the fond delusion warm'd —
He, of Greece the Flower and Might,
By her youthful bloom is charm'd;

And her bosom pants high-heaving,
Overburthened with glad pride,
Not the Gods in her deceiving
Dream she envies, thus allied.

And I too — I too have seen
Him, for whom my heart must pine,
And his speaking eyes have been
Pleading with a glow divine.
With my chosen lord departing,
Gladly would I fly from care,
But a stygian shadow's starting
Nightly up to part the pair.

Pale Proserpina has sent
Me her livid spectral host;
Wheresoe'er my steps are bent,
Ne'er by them my trace is lost;
Youthful pastimes languish round me,
Seared and blighted by their tread
Who in ghastly chains have bound me;
From my haunts all mirth has fled.

And I see the murd'rous steel,
And the gleam of Murder's eye;
From the horrors which I feel
Not to right nor left dare fly;
Nor my looks I dare be wending;
Seeing, knowing, to the spell
Of my fatal fortune bending,
I must die where strangers dwell!

Still her words thrill'd on the ear,
When a murmur onwards sped
From the temple's distant sphere:
Thetis' noble son lies dead!
Eris her fell snakes is shaking,
All the Gods fly from their home,
And the thunder-cloud is breaking
Over Troy's devoted dome.

28. *Breadth and Depth.*

„Es glänzen Viele in der Welt.“

How many in the world will shine;
The art to prate they know.
Where pleasure lures, where charms combine,
They readily can show;
You would think by their talk spreading far and wide,
That the goal they had reached and had won the bride.

But quietly away they pass,
Their life to the world was lost;
He who true excellence would compass,
Who would do and would dare the most,
In silence enduringly must unite
In the smallest centre the greatest might.

The stem will rise into the air,
The branches their verdure will show,
The glossy leaves yield a fragrance fair,
Yet fruit they cannot bestow;
But the kernel hides in its compass small
The pride of the forest, the tree so tall.

29. Hector's Farewell.

„Will sich Hector ewig von mir wenden.“

Andromache.

Wilt thou then for ever leave my arms?
Where Achilles, whom his vengeance warms,
Sacrifices to Patroclus' shade,
Wilt thou go? Who then will teach thy son
Spears to throw and evil deeds to shun,
When my Hector's noble life must fade?

Hector.

Dearest wife, forbid those tears to flow!
In my soul the thoughts of battle glow,
In my arm the hope of Troy resides,
Fighting for the penates of our hearth,
As a hero on my native earth
Falling, I descend to Stygian tides.

Andromache.

Never more I hear thy weapons' tone
In the hall thy sword lies idly lone,
Priam's race of heroes is a dream.
Thou wilt go where shines no ray of light,
Where Cocytus flows thro' realms of blight,
Where thy love must die in Lethe's stream.

Hector.

All my feelings, thoughts and wishes past,
Into Lethe's silent stream I'll cast,
Only Love retaining unsubdued.
Hark! The furious enemy draws near!
Reach my sword to me! Cease Grief and fear!
Hector's love dies not in Lethe's flood.

30. *The Ideals.*

„So willst du treulos von mir scheiden.“

And wilt thou faithless, leave me
With thy fancies fair and dear,
Of thy joys and woes bereave me?
Can nothing keep thee here?
Can nothing stop thee, Fugitive,
Of my life the golden Prime?
All is in vain, thy billows strive
Towards the End of Time.

The pleasant ray is shaded
Upon my youth that shone,
Th 'Ideal hopes are faded
Which once my heart did own.
The faith so firm and foud is gone
In beings I had dreamed,
By rude reality undone
Is what so godlike seemed.

As once Pygmalion to his breast
Imploring clasped the stone,
Till Feeling that cold cheek had drest
In blushes like his own,
Thus I within my loving arm
Caught Nature; fired with youth,
I held her: she began to warm,
To breathe at length in truth;

Sharing the flame with which I burned,
The Mute did find a tongue,
And kisses for my kiss returned,
And echoed ev'ry song.
To me they lived, the rose, the tree;
The fountain had a voice;
The plenitude of Life in me
The Lifeless made rejoice.

My breast with mighty travail panted
The Universe within it bound,
Strove to attain the life it wanted
By deed and word, image and sound.

Hid in the bud and all untold,
That inward world how fair! —
But little of it did unfold,
That little poor and spare!

How fired with courage sprang the youth,
Who nought to care would yield,
Whose dreams to him were doubtless truth,
Into Life's warring field.
To the blue Ether's palest star
He and his projects rose,
Nought was so high and nought so far,
But to their flight seemed close.

How lightly onwards borne was he!
No troubles yet he knew.
How round Life's chariot, airily,
Attendants dancing flew!
Love with her sweet rewards was there,
And Glory's crown so bright,
And Fortune with her golden glare,
And Truth all bathed in Light.

But lo! the way but half was done,
When this attendant train
Would slink away, one after one,
Too faithless to remain. —
Light-heeled away would Fortune glide;
The burning thirst to know
Remained unslaked; and Doubt would hide
In clouds Truth's sunny glow.

And I saw Glory's sacred crown
Profaned on worthless brows,
And Love's too short-lived spring was flown,
And Youth was at its close.
Now silent more and more it grew,
That path-way rough and lone;
Scarcely upon it, pale and blue
A gleam of Hope was thrown.

Of all th' attendant pageantry
Who still my side will grace?
Who goes on with me lovingly
To the dark Dwelling-place? —
Thou, Friendship, with thy kindly care
Healing my ev'ry wound;
Life's every burden thou wouldst share,
Thou, early sought and found!

And Occupation! Friendship's mate,
The mental storm like her
Thou know'st to soothe! Slow to create
Thou art, destroying ne'er.
Though to Eternity's growing Dome,
Thou carriest but grains of sand,
Through thee Time's mighty debt will come
To be cancell'd in the end.



III.

UHLAND.

1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

31. *The Hostess' Daughter.*

„Es zogen drei Burschen wohl über den Rhein.“

Three brave lads wandered across the Rhine,
They went to an inn and they asked for wine.

„Good hostess, tell if your wine be clear?
And where is your daughter fair and dear?“

„The wine is clear and the table is spread; —
My daughter, alas! my daughter is dead.“

They went all three to the chamber door, —
A small black coffin they stood before.

The first, from her face he raised the veil,
And sadly look'd on that face so pale:

„Oh fairest maiden, if thou didst live,
To thee my love and my faith I would give!“

The second the veil drew down again,
And turned away as he wept for pain:

„Oh why must thou lie on the cold death-bed,
To thee my heart has for years been wed.“

The third once more drew away the veil,
And firmly he kiss'd her lips so pale:

„To-day, as ever, I love but thee,
I'll love thee on through eternity!“

32. *Crossing the stream.*

„Ueber diesen Strom vor Jahren.“

**Once, years before, I crossed this stream,
And then, as now, in evening's gleam,
The waters rushed, the castle frowned
By which the wooded hill is crowned.**

**And in the bark with me there stood
Companions two that crossed the flood:
An old friend, like a father kind,
A young one, proud and bold of mind.**

**In quiet strength the elder one
Had passed through life, and thus is gone;
The younger, full of proudest mettle
Fell fighting headmost in the battle.**

Thus when my soul would turn again
To happy days now past, with pain
I miss companions dear and true
Whom death has reft and I must rue.

Yet in friendship what we find,
But the link of mind and mind? —
Spirits knew those hours of bliss,
Round me spirits fleet in this.

Take, thou boatsman, take thy fare,
Threefold take it, three we were;
Two of us thou couldst not see —
Spirits two did cross with me.

33. *Vengeance.*

„Der Knecht hat erstochen den edlen Herrn.“

The yeoman has stabbed the noble knight,
A lord the yeoman would fain be hight.

Within the dark forest he stabbed him alone,
Into the deep Rhine his corpse he has thrown.

Has put on proudly the armour bright
And boldly leapt on the steed of the knight.

And as he would gallop across the bridge,
The horse starts back on the water's ridge.

As with golden spur he would urge him on,
Into the river he's wildly thrown.

He vainly labours with hand and foot
Borne down by the weight of his master's suit.

34. *Repose in Spring.*

„Oh legt mich nicht in's dunkle Grab.“

Oh do not lay me within the dark cell,
Far, far from the gay field, the deep blue sky!
If I must die,
'Mid the high grass I'll be buried well.
'Mong grass and flowers I love to lie,
When a flute from afar is heard,
And many a bird
And spring's bright clouds above me fly.

35. „Sweetest, mildest day of spring.“

„Süsser goldner Frühlingsstag.“

Sweetest, mildest day of spring!
How delight is glowing!
If I ever sang a song,
Now it will be flowing!

Yet why should I try to sing
On this blissful day?
A high festival is spring,
I'll repose and pray!

38. To Her.

„Deine Augen sind nicht himmelblau.“

Thine eye it is not like the sky,
Thy lip is not like roses red,
With thy pure breast no lilies vie.
For oh! if Spring indeed did shed
Such roses red, such lilies pale,
Upon the hill or o'er the dale,
If Heav'n as clear did smile above
As thy blue eye, then spring were love!

37. Answer.

„Das Röschen, das du mir geschickt.“

The rosebud thy dear hand did cull
And then did send to me,
It lived not till the day was full,
But pined for Home and Thee!
Nor did its spirit suffer long:
E'en now upon the evening breeze
It floats, in guise of simple song
Borne back to thee in glad release!

38. *The Critic's song in Spring.*

„Frühling ist's, ich lass es gelten.“

Spring is come, I will allow that,
And I own I'm glad sincerely,
That a walk may now be taken,
Without catching cold severely.

Storks are coming now and swallows;
Not too early, not too early!
Sprout ye shrubs and bloom ye flowers!
I submit to see that yearly.

As the lark sings rather sweetly,
Some delight through me is flowing,
Philomela's numbers greet me,
And the sun is pretty glowing.

Do not wonder you who meet me
On the green; I have my reasons:
Promenading well may suit me
In my pocket Thomson's Seasons.

39. *The nightly traveller.*

„Ich reit' in's finstre Land hinein.“

**I'm riding on thro' cheerless night,
Nor moon, nor star appears in sight,
The cold, cold winds are blowing.
How oft I went this very way,
When golden sunshine made it gay,
When Zephirs were a-woeing!**

I ride along that garden dark,
Shorn boughs are rustling in the park,
Dry leaves come down in showers.
Yet with my love in fair springtime
When Love and Youth were in the prime,
I wander'd thro' those bowers!

Now blasted is that sunny light,
The roses all are killed of blight,
She's dead to whom Love bound me.
I ride, without one cheering ray,
Through wintry winds I ride my way,
The mantle wrapt around me.

40. *The Serenade.*

„Was wecken aus dem Schlummer mich.“

„**W**hat gentle sounds are floating here
And rousing me from sleep?
Oh mother, look, who can he be
That does such vigil keep?“

„Nought can I hear, nought can I see,
Sleep on, thy sleep was mild!
No serenade now sounds for thee,
My poor, my suffering child!“

„That is no earthly music's tone,
Which makes my heart so light:
The angels call me with their song,
Oh mother dear, Good night!“

41. The Dream.

„Im schönsten Garten wallten.“

There walked throughout a garden fair,
Hand clasped in hand, a loving pair;
All pale and sickly was their mien,
And down they sate on the flow'ry green.

They fondly kissed each other's cheek,
And kissed each other's mouth;
They felt no longer faint and weak,
They felt the glow of Youth.

Then from afar did sound a bell, —
The blissful dream was gone;
She lay within her cloistered cell
He in his dungeon lone.

42. To the Departed.

„Du, Mutter, sahst mein Auge trinken.“

Oh Mother thou didst look on me,
When first I drank the light
Of earthly day, and I did see
The beams all heav'nly bright,
That did on thy pale dying face
Eternal life's blest promise trace.

„Ein Grab, o Mutter, ist gegraben dir.“

A grave, my mother, has been dug for thee;
'Tis dug within a quiet well-known place,
Most like a home, so shaded, yet so free,
And flowers too the blooming threshold grace.

There all untouch'd, unharmed thou art lying;
The pain, the peace, which thou didst feel when dying
Is on thy face; to life thou e'en may'st start:
For I have dug this grave within my heart.

„Zu meinen Füßen sinkt ein Blatt.“

Close at my feet a leaf is cast
Tired of the sun, sick of the blast,
And when that leaf was green and new,
I still had parents, dear and true.

How frail a thing's that verdure gay!
A child of Spring, and Autumn 's prey;
Yet did that trembling leaf outlive
The fondest hearts that Heav'n could give.

43. *The new Fairy-tale.*

„Einmal athmen möcht' ich wieder.“

Oh I should like to breathe once more
In the bright realm of fairy-lore;
But with my song a strain severe
Is mingled by a sprite austere.

My fairy's name is Liberty
And Justice is my knight;
Come noble knight now valiantly
To quell the dragon's might!

44. *Seriousness of our Times.*

„Wann ward der erste Kranz gewunden.“

Tell, when was the first garland twined?
When first the ball the mark did meet?
When first the joyful dance did wind?
When first a kiss payed a forfeit?

Oh sure, long past must be the day,
Our **A**re not times where such thoughts come,
When nations mix in bloody fray,
Or in dissensions live at home.

45. To the Girls.

„Ihr besenders dauert mich.“

Poor dear Girls, you may believe,
That the most for you I grieve;
Why just must you light on days,
Where there are nor dance nor plays?

Surely, surely, Girlhood's spring
Is a passing short-lived thing,
Why then must your time of bloom
Fall on days of frost and gloom?

Yes, sometimes your youth to me
Seems so void of joyful glee,
No refuge I find for you
None — save Love all pure and true.

46. Fare thee well, oh farewell, dear, to thee!

„Lebewohl, lebewohl, mein Lieb!“

Fare thee well, oh farewell, dear, to thee!
Since to-day I depart;
But one kiss, but one kiss give to me,
Ere I leave thee for ever, my heart.

Oh one flower of the flowers that blow
On the tree in the bower!
But no fruit, but no fruit must I know,
I can't wait for their hour.

47. *The ³tree songs.*

„In der hohen Hall' sass König Sifrid:“

In his lofty hall sate Sifrid the king
„Ye minstrels! to me the best lay who can sing?“
And a youth to stand forth from the throng was descried
The harp in his hands and the sword at his side.

Three songs do I know; forsooth my first song
Thou mayhap hast forgotten, forgotten it long;
My brother by thee was foully stabbed!
And again: by thee he was foully stabbed.

For the second song now: that I did indite
In a starless and most tempestuous night
Thou must fight with me even unto death!
And again: thou must fight with me unto death.

He leant the harp 'gainst a table close by,
And they both drew their swords with a courage high,
And they both fought a long while with warlike sound,
Till the king dropt down with a deadly wound.

Now the third song I will sing to thee, king,
And this I will never be tired to sing,
King Sifrid welt'ring in red blood lies,
And again: he welt'ring in red blood lies.

48. *The Castle by the sea-shore.*

„Hast du das Schloss gesehen.“

**Did you see by the sea-shore
The castle so proud?
So golden and rosy
Hung o'er it a cloud.**

**It fain would be bending,
Where the crystal waves flow,
Or rise up ascending
To the clouds' evening glow.**

**„Full well did I see it
The castle on the shore;
The moon stood above it
And mists hung all o'er.“**

The winds and waves rushing
Did they give a fresh sound?
From the Hall heardst thou gushing
Gay music float round?

„The winds and waves sleeping
All lay on the sea;
From the Hall I heard weeping
A chaunt float tow'rds me.“

On the battlement spied you
The king and his queen?
The glare of their purple,
The crowns' golden sheen?

Did they lead on between them
A maid passing fair,
All sun-like her beauty,
Her bright flowing hair?

„I've seen both the parents,
No crowns did they wear;
Deep mourning-suits deck 'd them —
No maiden was there.“



IV.

HEINE.

40. *Sunset.*

The red and glowing sun is sinking down
Into the thrilling Ocean's silvery grey;
And rosy-tinted, air-created forms
Will follow in the wake, while opposite,
Forth-breaking from autumnal cloudy veils,
A sad face, deadly pale,
The moon appears and far behind her gleam
In misty distance shrouded, sparklike stars.

Once in the skies they shone, a wedded pair,
Luna, the Goddess she, he Sol, the God,
And round them in a throng danced, innocent
And infantine, their progeny of stars.
But evil tongues by whispering brought discord:
In sullen enmity did separate
That bright and noble pair.

Now, all the day, in solitary state
The sunny God wends on his way aloft; —
By proud and fortune-hardened men, his glare
And gaudiness adoringly are praised.
At night pale Luna travels o'er the sky,
Poor mother! with her starry orphan-children,
And as she shines in her mute melancholy,
Soft poets, loving maidens, will devote
To her their songs and tears.

Most Gentle Luna! Womanly in mind
She goes on, loving still her beauteous Lord.
At eve, half shrouded by a vapoury cloud
Trembling and pale and pained, one glance she steals
At the Departing, fain would cry to him:
„Oh come! The children ask for thee — oh come!“
But at beholding his sad mate, the God
Is glowing doubly with a fiery blush,
With pain and ire and unforgivingly,
To his cold-heaving, widowed bed he hastens.

Thus, evil whisp'ring tongues brought woes and ruin
Even on th' Eternal Gods — Alas for them!
They stride thro' the high Heavens full of pangs,
Stride on their endless paths, of comfort bare,
And can not die, and train along with them
Their gaudy misery.

But I, a man, low-born and blessed with Death,
No longer
Will I complain.

50. Loreley.

„Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten.“

I know not what this sadness means,
I grieve and know not why;
For ever a tale of the Olden Time
Flits past my inward eye.

The air is fresh and evening sinks,
And quietly flows the Rhine,
The top of the mountain sparkles, bright
With the sun's last purple shine.

The fairest of virgins on the steep
Is wondrously sitting there;
Her golden trimmings glare and gleam,
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a comb of gold,
And sings a song mean-time,
There is a wondrous melody,
A might in that quaint rhyme.

The fisherman in his little bark
Is seized with a pang so wild,
He looks not down on the rocky strait
But upwards, all beguiled.

Methinks to the wat'ry depth will soon
Both fisher and bark be gone,
And this with the singing of her song,
Maid Loreley has done.

51. „On my life so dark and dreary.“

„In mein gar zu dunkles Leben.“

On my life so dark and dreary
Once there shone an image fair;
Now, since that fair semblance faded,
Night, a deeper night, is there.

Children in the dark remaining
Feel oppressed and faint ere long;
And to chase away their terrors
They will loudly sing a song.

Thus I, a mad child, am singing
Loudly in the dead of night;
Though the song be ever joyless,
It relieves me of my fright.

52. „Oh come, the old fisher's fair daughter.“

„Du schönes Fischermädchen.“

Oh come, the old fisher's fair daughter!
Thy skiff turn to the strand,
Come, sit thee down beside me,
Thy hand clasped in my hand.

Thy head lean on my bosom,
Be not afraid of me,
Thou who dost daily venture
Upon the trackless sea.

My heart is like the Ocean,
Such are its storms, its tides,
And many a pearl beyond all price
Within its depth it hides.

53. „*Thou art like a flower, holy.*“

„Du bist wie eine Blume.“

Thou art like a flower, holy
And fair and void of art;
I look on thee — melancholy
Will creep into my heart.

I feel as if I wanted
My hands on thy head to lay,
And: God in mercy grant it
To keep her thus! to pray.

54. „When I have told you etc.“

„Und als ich euch meine Schmerzen geklagt.“

When I have told you all my sorrow,
My yawning list'ners had nought to say;
But I put it into quaint verse on the morrow —
'Tis now the fashion of the day.

55. „When I come past thy dwelling.“

„Wenn ich an deinem Hause.“

When I come past thy dwelling,
Fair child, in morning's light,
My heart is gladden'd to see thee
At thy window with looks so bright.

Thy dark-brown eyes are glancing
So wistfully at me:
Who art thou, sickly stranger,
What may thine ailing be?

I am a german Poet,
In Germany well-known;
When their best Names they're telling,
They'll also tell my own.

And that which ails me, my dearest,
Is an ailing there well known;
When their worst woes they're naming,
They'll also name my own.

56. „I entered again,“

„Ich trat in jene Hallen“

I entered again that arched Hall,
Where once she pledged me her Truth.
Whereever one of her tears did fall,
Serpents have nestled forsooth.

57. „How canst thou sleep in quiet.“

„Wie kannst du ruhig schlafen.“

How canst thou sleep in quiet
And know me living still?
Oh that old rage will come again,
When break my yoke I will.

Hast heard the tale in ancient song,
How from his grave so dim
Uprose at midnight a dead youth
And took his love with him?

Believe, thou maiden wondrous fair,
Thou maiden wondrous mild,
I live, and I am stronger still
Than all the dead, my child.

58. „What means that solitary tear.“

„Was will die einsame Thräne.“

What means that solitary tear?
It but obscures my eye.
'Twas left behind there, in old times
When the old times went by.

It had many sisters, shining bright,
But all have melted away;
They melted away with my joy and pains,
With the night and the storm went they.

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They too have melted away in mist,
Those blue and starry eyes,
At whose smile those by-gone joys and pains
Within my heart would rise.

And Alas! my love, my love itself
Has melted away like a breath;
Thou ancient solitary tear,
Outlive not thou their death.

59. „Oh heart, poor heart, be not so sad.“

„Herz, mein Herz, sey nicht beklommen.“

Oh heart, poor heart, be not so sad
And bear with thine ill-luck:
Returning spring, in fresh hopes clad,
Gives back what winter took.

And much for thee is left behind;
How fair the world is, prove!
Try it, my heart — be sure and mind
All, all thou darest love.

60. „Wise saws and much advice were given.“

„Gaben mir Rath und gute Lehren.“

Wise saws and much advice were given,
Much praise was in my honour spent,
They said I should but wait, and even
That to protect me then, they meant.

Yet their protection had not staid me
From dying of famine in very truth,
Had an honest man not stepp'd in to aid me,
And his was active aid, forsooth!

Oh honest man! Yes, my bread J owe him,
From that remembrance I'll never fly.
Alas! I cannot embrace tho' I know him,
For look ye, that honest man am I.

61. „Thou hast both pearls and diamonds.“

„Du hast Diamanten und Perlen.“

Thou hast both pearls and diamonds,
Hast all which mankind adore,
Thou hast the very loveliest eyes —
My love, what wouldst thou more?

And to those very lovely eyes
Have I not sung of yore
A legion of eternal songs —
My love, what wouldst thou more?

And with those very lovely eyes
My heart thou hast made sore,
Hast sear'd my hope and sapp'd my trust
My love, what wouldst thou more?

62. „Tell, where is thy love, so lovely.“

„Sag, wo ist dein schönes Liebchen.“

Tell, where is thy love, so lovely,
Whom thou once couldst sing so well,
When the flames of mighty magic
Wondrously thy heart would swell?

Long since have those flames been dying,
And my cold heart will not move;
The sepulchral urn these pages
Are, with ashes of my love.

v.

Various Authors.

63. „*What's kindred will be joining.*“

From Novalis.

„Was passt, das muss sich ründen.“

What's kindred will be joining,
What's good will be combining,
What sympathizes twining,
And they will meet who love!
What hinders will be cleared,
What's distant will be neared,
What's growing will be reared,
The crooked straight will move!

Be thou my brother, lend
To me a faithful hand,
Nor turn before thine end
Thine eyes away from me!
One happiness we feel,
One home in woe or weal,
One temple where we kneel,
One heav'n for me and thee!

64. *Sailors' Song.*

By Koerner.

„Seht, Brüder, wie der Tag so mild“

Behold how mild the eye of Day
Looks forth thro' low'ring clouds again!
What though ill-boding mists do spread
Around the mountains' rocky head, —
Untroubled we remain.

'Tis true these gathering waves rise high,
They rise to mountain height;
They shake, they raise the feeble skiff,
And close unto the murd'rous cliff
They push its yielding weight.

But we for aye are of good cheer
With not one care to last;
The Lord looks down on us from high,
He rules the storm, he clears the sky,
Unhurt he guides us past.

Then thanks to Thee and praise to Thee
Lord of the stormy main!
To thee the waves and tempests bow,
Thou hast protected us till now,
Protect us now again!

Our father hears us willingly!
Set out, my merry boys!
For changeful as may be the flood,
More treacherous is fortune's mood,
Life's vain and hollow noise.

The spells of Earth will break full soon,
The ties of Love are rent.
The waves may threaten e'er again,
Come life, come death, they still remain
A friendly element.

65. *The flower of Home.*

From Rückert.

„Du bist vergangen, eh' ich's gedacht.“

Before I could think it, thou'rt gone from my sight,
As a flower that has faded is gone over-night.

As a flower that is gone will not blossom a-new,
How kindly soever 't is bathed by the dew --

The morning-dew bathes as vainly that flower,
As the tears of the mourner upon thee will shower.

The tears of the mourner are flowing for thee, —
But thou wilt not come and not waken for me.

Thou never again now wilt waken and come:
O'er night thou hast faded, my Flower of Home!

66. The tell-tales.

From Chamisso's

„Verrathene Liebe“ imitated from the Modern Greek.

When I kiss'd thee, maiden fair,
To betray us none was there;
None, but gleaming stars above,
And we trusted them, my love.

Falling, what he did behold,
To the sea a star has told,
And the sea told it again
To the helm and to its man.

And that sailor, all for sport,
Sung it, when he was in port,
To his love — — the town is rife
Now with songs on us, my life!

67. From Count Platen's

„Die Fülle dieses Lebens erfüllt mich oft mit Schrecken.“

This plenitude of life fills me with terrors,
As if all stars left heav'n to press around me.
The labyrinth of Thought! The spells of Art!
The nations' deed and song! Earth wide as fair!
My bosom is oppress'd with wishes, panting
For all these riches waking love and joy.
Thus, long ago I should have droop'd — but then
The universe of Beauty, concentrated,
Within a single point my eyes beheld.
Since thou appear'dst to me, I did renounce
My wishes vague and visitings of all
Quarters of heav'n, all corners of the earth.
The rushing waters of the fount of youth,
Fall from the rocky ledge, in airy mist
Dissolved — below, peaceful and silvery
Love's basin does receive the truant flood.

68. From Langbein's

„Tadelt nicht den jungen Hirten.“

Do not blame the gentle shepherd,
Him, the chosen of my heart,
Him I love of all the shepherds,
Though all others look more smart:
Be his features foul or fine,
He is faithful, he is mine!

True, myself can't help recoiling,
Fright holds o'er my flock its sway,
When my lover, like the owlet,
Chaunts the dreary roundelay,
Which e'en honest Catch makes whine;
But he's faithful, he is mine!

True, when May-day tunes are ringing
At the village festival,
Then indeed my chosen shepherd
Heigho! dances worst of all;
Others at the dance may shine:
He is faithful, he is mine!

Others may be ten-times fairer,
All their singing may approve,
And their dance be light and easy
For all this, them I won't love;
Love and Faith in him combine,
Him I love, and he is mine!

69. To the Faithless.

„Warum blickst du zu mir empor.“

Why dost thou slowly raise on me
Those eyes so sadly sweet?
Is this a time, is this a place,
For thee and me to meet?

True, thou wert always wont to rise
From the grave of former times;
But then thou cam'st with the midnight-dew
And the solemn midnight chimes.

Then onwards thou wouldst seem to glide
And fix thy look on me;
I thought it strange, yet thought it sweet
To be thus eyed by thee.

For in that look was grief, remorse,
Victorious tenderness — —
It was a look not to be looked
Here, in this throng and press.

Here in the loud and motley crowd
I learn to pass thee by,
Nor mark thy thrilling presence now
By word, or sign, or sigh.

Thou too art clever at thy task,
Thy smile, thy bow are schooled, —
It is but rarely, if thine eye
Yet by thy heart seems ruled;

It is but rarely; — when it is,
The buried Past awakes,
And round the brow of sleeping Pain
Anew are wreathed the snakes.

If my young dreams had painted truth —
Oh if what might, had been —
What buoyant bliss had filled for thee,
For me, this changeful scene!

Then gliding on the waves of Time
In commune soft and low,
We could have breathed the grace of Mind
Into th' unmeaning show.

We could have turned on woods and fields
A still unsated gaze,
And, smiling at our hoards of love,
Walk'd on through Pleasure's maze.

But as it is — why raise on me
Those eyes so sadly sweet?
Is this an hour, is this a spot,
Where thou and I should meet?

10. *The evil spirit.*

„Wenn des Waldes stolze Bäume.“

When the proud trees are tumbling
Before the fierce blast;
When the good-wife is mumbling
Her prayers aghast;
When the cloud is lit,
When the oak is split, —
Then I'll be with thee,
Come and wait for me!

When the spirits are waking
Within their lone cell,
And some of them breaking
The long-binding spell; — —
Hast thou something dear?
Thou shalt then know fear!
Thou shalt then know me,
For I'll be with thee.

When the heavens are assembling
Their long-treasured wrath,
When the wanderer is trembling
Along his lone path;
When Death's o'er thy head,
Fear within thee spread,
Then look round for me!
I am near to thee.

When the sins of thy bosom
Are up in their pride,
All gaudy their blossom,
Their reign far and wide: —
Guilt is my sure bait —
Then thou shalt not wait,
Close I'll follow thee
Unto misery.

II. A Landscape.

„Liederklänge auf den Wellen.“

There is music on the waters,
There is fragrance on the hill,
Round the dark cloud plays a sun-beam,
And the forest trees are still.

With a soft and playful sweetness
Glides along the rivulet;
Yonder ancient, worn-out willow
Stoops to him her hoary head;

Thus old age stoops to the prattle
Of an infant gay and fair;
All its once-felt hopes and pleasures
Smiling sees reflected there.

72. *The Out-law's Bride.*

Die Braut des Geächteten.

And if I saw that Death, to part
Us, broke our bond in twain,
Still would I clasp thee to mine heart,
And say: I'm thine! again.

There well may be some happy sphere
In the blue Infinite
Where spirits, favoured more than here,
For evermore unite;

There kindred souls no parting know;
No mother sees her child
Unto the shores of darkness go,
Who all her cares beguiled;

No blood-shot eye is strained to look
Its last, where lie the cold
Remains of life, which heaven took
And we might not withhold.

There is the Paradise of Love,
His chosen land of rest;
There may he like the peaceful dove,
Live cradled in his nest.

There the pure brilliance of his wing
Can ne'er be dimmed by tears;
There of our earth the bright, brief spring
Lives through eternal years.

And yet, poor earth, thy best refuge
Is in thy deepest woe,
The wat'ry skies of the deluge
Thus bore the peaceful bow.

And heav'n's own radiance sheds a beam
On tears of parted love;
More of delight is in that gleam,
Than boasts aught earth above.

Nor earthly care, nor dread of Death,
Nor sorrow for the lost, —
That only sword that finds no sheath,
That grief which grieveth most, —

Nought, nought can bring me to regret,
That thee my spirit loves,
For this I'll bear the worst, which yet
Dust in the Balance proves.

For love, however dear it cost,
For love will still be mine;
The holy image e'en when lost
Still sanctifies the shrine.

And if I thought that Death was near
I 'ld say: it is not pain!
And dash away the starting tear,
And call thee mine again.

73. A female Portrait.

„Im dunkelblauen Auge Zaubermächte.“

There is a magic in thy dark-blue eye,
On thy soft cheek charms deep and binding dwell;
Thy lips are hallowed with the Gramarye
Of Grace and do impart that potent spell
To whatsoever blessed thing draws nigh;
And thus thy brightness all around bestowing
While giving still, still richer thou art growing.

Though ~~thou~~^{she} art fairer than the blissful dream,
That steals, clad in delight, into the soul,
When thro' the mind's twilight bright visions gleam
And wayward fancy quarrels with control,
Thy countless beauties but sufficient seem,
To clothe in Earth's poor tribute that high spirit
Who's born to all that others but inherit.

But more thou art than either wise or fair —
Thy mind's not loftier, than thy heart is good,
Hate, scorn, desire, dare never enter where
Dwells thy pure thought in virgin solitude.
If angels visit earth, it must be there;
And why not join th' Enthusiast's fond believing,
While earth can boast a home so fit for their receiving?

74. A male Portrait.

„Sein Aug' war dunkel — doch wie Phoebus Strahlen“

His eye was dark — but as the King of day
Pours forth his light athwart the veiling cloud,
And rosy garlands wreathes round his shroud,
Thus thro' its darkness broke his mind's bright ray.

His cheek was pale — but when of conqu'ring truth
The glorious tale did meet his eager ear,
When he beheld a being fair or dear,
Full to his cheek rush'd the quick tide of youth.

His voice was soft — the heart thrill'd to its tone,
Forgotten neither willingly, nor oft;
'Twas now like distant thunder, now like moan
Of distant waters, but 't was ever soft.

And he is gone, — I look on him no more,
Yet see him in aught fair my eyes still see,
And while I thus my absent greetings pour,
My heart denies that he is far from me.

75. *The Greenwood shade.*

„O Waldesschatten, Waldesgrün!“

The Greenwood shade! The Greenwood shade!
Fit home for merry boys!
Where runs the brook, where winds the glade,
There let us seek our joys!

Come with us to the forest-home,
Oh come my sweetest maid!
Above thee spreads the leafy dome,
Around the greenwood shade!

Come, look upon the mountain-ash!
The coxcomb of the green
Bends o'er the rills his roots that wash,
Glassing his berries, sheen.

Come look upon the oak, of years
Uncounted, fresh and strong,
Which stands till heaven's lightning sears
The hero standing long.

Look at the ivy's creeping fate
While clinging to the earth,
Till heav'nward drawn by some proud mate
It scorns its place of birth.

Look — — nay, don't stop to look around!
Dart onwards through the glade,
And with our feet our hearts shall bound
All in the Greenwood shade.

16. Parting.

„Die Welt liegt vor mir offen.“

The world is all before me,
But a parting pang comes o'er me,
As a cloud comes o'er the sea.
Through all those clouds combining,
A star will still be shining,
One starry thought of thee!

My love's so bright a being
That loving but and seing
Her, seem'd a worthy lot;
But as my wish is thwarted
And as we must be parted,
Stay near thee I will not.

I'll go while ships will bear me
And dangers shall not scare me
And hardships not disgust.
Hark ye! The Anchor's heaving,
And the good ship is leaving
Her chosen place of trust.

Thou clear and rippling Ocean
Wilt thou beguile our caution
By seeming all so soft?
Thou might'st look grim and dreary:
I'm over, over-weary
To keep good watch aloft.

Upon the deck I'm lying
While the good ship is vying
With yonder fleet sea-mew.
If yet my love could love me?
But no! Then burst above me,
Ye storms! I will not rue.

77. *A Sigh for Solitude.*

„Wie durch den Sommer-Himmel schiff“

The sun sails through the summer-sky
In too refulgent majesty;
Too bright and clear for one so far; —
I would prefer the evening-star.
Till the star shall rise
In the perfumed night,
To refresh my eyes,
With creative might,
My darling lute, with plaintive harmony,
Shed thou a night, and light a star for me!

An eager crowd with small intent
Here follow e'er their bustling bent;
Their noise and cry and wrathful say,
To my still chamber finds its way —
Oh for Solitude!
Giantess that dwells,
By the waters rude,
In a cave of shells;
For summer-house the ever-darkling wood —
I call on thee, most silent solitude!

But as this noisy town with life
And business and dull care is rife,
And as I'm fetter'd by a chain
For ever to this place of pain, —
Oh be thou not mute,
Silver tongue of grief!
Thou, my darling lute,
Yield me some relief!
If cure thou canst not, yet thou may'st caress,
And burning woes shade with forgetfulness.

78. *The Pilgrim before the convent of St. Just.*

From Count Platen's:

„Der Pilger vor St. Just.“

Tis night, the storms and raging tempests roar,
Now open, spanish monks, for me this door.

Leave me to rest here, till th' awakening peal,
Shall summon you to church, to pray and kneel.

Prepare for me whate'er your house may show:
Your order's habit and a shroud, I throw.

Yield me yon little cell, therein to pine,
More than one half of this fair earth was mine.

This weary head, now stooping to be shorn,
Within the world more than one crown has borne.

That shoulder to the grisly cowl now bent,
Imperial ermine was its ornament.

Thus like the dead becoming, ere I die,
In ruins I, like the old empire, lie.

79. *Venetia.*

From Count Platen's Venetian Sonnets.

I.

How sweet 'tis, when the dying day grows cool,
To look upon the gondolas in motion,
Where the Laguna, like a crystal pool
Caressing Venice, blends into the Ocean.

And then again the eye feels drawn within,
Where church and palace strive into the skies,
And where of merry life the cry and din
On ev'ry step of the Rialto rise.

Dear lazy loungers here, in merry crowd,
Are swarming round, and are disturb'd by nought,
Nor will disturb the Thinker of sad Thought.

Ev'ning unites them, list'ning, while aloud
The Singer on St Mark's Place sings elate,
Or story-tellers on the Riva prate.

II.

Venetia to the land of dreams is wed,
From ancient days she casts her shadow here;
The lion of the Common-wealth lies dead,
His idle prison-walls look waste and drear.

And those wild brazen coursers, they who were
Borne o'er the brine, to grace the tow'ring brow
Of yonder church, — no more the same, they bear
The Corsicanian Victor's bridle now.

Where is it gone, that people all of Kings,
That once was free to build these marble halls,
Where column now by column bows and falls?

Full rarely now a face remembrance brings,
Of those high features, frowning still in stone
Upon the Doges' Graves, that long are gone.

SO. At Church.

From Rückert.

„In der Kirche.“

On the bench where she used to sit,
An angel so bright,
In a robe lily-white,
Is sitting and saying
And busily praying:

Oh Lord, our God, forgive!
To-day she could n't come,
For in her small home
There was labour for many,
No spare time for any;

So she did send me here,
To stand in her place.
Then listen in Grace,
And grant what I'm saying,
As if she was praying.

81. *Do not disturb the Sleeper.*

From Rückert.

„O wecke nicht den Schlafenden.“

Do not disturb the Sleeper from his dream!
How canst thou know,
That in this wide world any beauties beam,
Which thou mayst show
To him, and make him thus as blest
As he was made by what his dream possess'd?

93. *What befell the cares.*

From Pfarrius.

„Wie es den Sorgen erging.“

Into the greenwood I wanted to stray,
The cares would go with me;
And vainly I ten times said them nay,
They followed me faithfully.

And as we came to the thicket green,
That moment a whisp'ring began,
The birds were crying: how dare you be seen,
Ye cares in our woody domain?

The grass rose up and would stop their flight,
As they fled before the keen gale;
The trees wide branching began to fight,
As the cares ran o'er hill and thro' vale.

They ran and running their queer heads broke,
As the rock's sharp edge came across;
Then in the bright sunshine they vanished like smoke,
And were drowned in the dews on the moss.

Now ye see, so I cried, when at length set free
From their plaguing, what soon must become
Of you when you venture 'mong bush and tree:
So another time, mind, stay at home!

83. *After the Storm.*

„Die Sonne, sprecht Ihr, wird den Sieg“

**You say the sun will yet fight through
And drive the clouds away,
And shine again in gorgeous light,
Triumphant Lord of Day;**

**But oh! the flow'r so sweet I saw,
Just op'ning to the sun;
Her life of odours but this morn
Had fragrantly begun:**

No flattering wind kissed off the dew
On her young bosom spread,
The storm rude-breathing came and shook
The pure drop from its bed.

The flower on her tiny stem
Now droops all woe-begone;
Ah pity, that so sweet a thing
Should be so lost and lone.

And oh! the little brook, that I
Stood by in morning's light,
Each pebble of its rocky bed
Clearly reveal'd to sight.

The little brook in murmurs low
Breath'd forth a hymn of praise,
Wand'ring in pretty wilfulness
All o'er the woodland maze.

And now I've seen that crystal stream
Shorn of its lovely light;
The darken'd waves showed wild and dim;
Ah! sorry was the sight!

Its banks of flow'ry beauty now
Were torn by its blind rage;
To smooth them down fair as before,
Oh it will ask an age!

O'er the grim flood the bared roots
Of many a tree now spread;
When will it cover them again,
Their mossy velvet bed?

And oh! the quiet little nest,
Which Robin Red-breast made;
How snugly in its woolly lap
The small bright eggs were laid!

There sat his love and he sat near,
And, chirping all the while,
Kept, perched upon the thorny hedge,
A look-out o'er the stile.

Oh! much of love, not grand and high,
Yet much of love was there! — —
The nest the storm has shaken down,
'Tis yonder, — waste and bare!

The sun may come to beam and smile,
And gladden all around;
But the nest and broken eggs will lie
Ungladden'd on the ground.

A storm will leave a wreck behind
Where ever it has passed,
And the human soul will show the trace,
How chilling was the blast.

The day may clear, which erst was dark,
And sunshine 's ever gay;
But all that sunshine free and fair
May light on ruins grey.

84. *The kind old man.*

„Gedächtniss eines Jugendtraums“

Memorial of a youthful hope,
Remembrance of the Past,
No mortal thing with time can cope
Yet thou art faithful to the last!

My spirit now is bent with care,
My tardive blood is cold,
The snow of Age is on my hair,
I'm very, very old.

And yet I can not turn away
From all I loved when young;
The lute that knew love's melting lay,
E'en now it is not all unstrung.

E'en now the unforgotten voice
The well-remembered word,
May bid me weep, or bid rejoice,
And still find a respondent chord.

And this in me ye may deem weak
And at the dotard rail,
And mock the tear upon my cheek,
And scorn a mind so frail: —

For me, I war not with mine heart;
Has God not formed its mould?
He ordained that it oft should smart,
But never should grow cold.



DRUCKEREI DES RAUMEN HAUSES ZU HORN.

W. Josephine's land
12/2 Hayward 25 5 1834
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